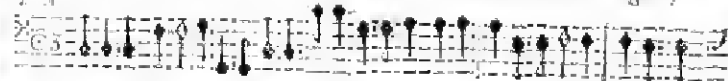


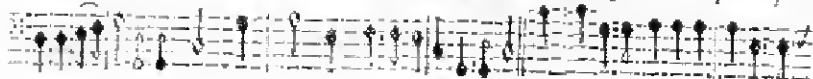
*On belje gella dese creanza leroca se prende del bella bel-ta la lingua se*



*Un el segella dese creanza le co-ra-se prende del bella bel-ta la lingua se*



*prima de li-ber-di-ti e — de po-ni-ta Resto la donna que bella che piache que*



*prima de li-ber-di-ti e — de po-ni-ta Resto la donna que bella che piache que*



*ta-te e Jo-re del core senfa creanza da mo-re che piache cheta-ce e Jo-re del core*



*ta-te e Jo-re del core senfa creanza da mo-re che piache cheta-ce e Jo-re del core*



*senfa — creanza da mo-re.*



*senfa — creanza da mo-re.*



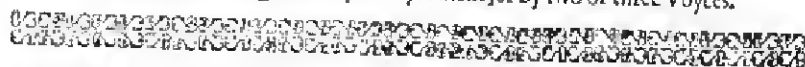
FINIS.

## The Third Booke,

Containing

### Short *AYRES* or *SONGS* for three Voyces :

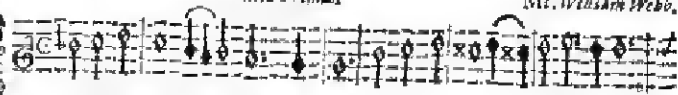
Which may be sung either by a Voyce alone, or by two or three Voyces.



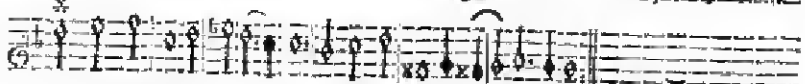
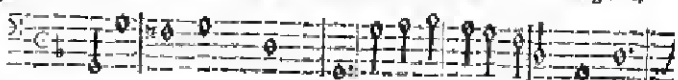
*a. 3. Voc.*

*Canto Primus.*

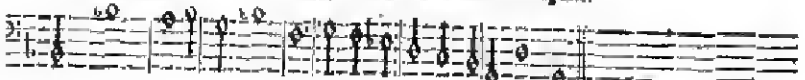
*Mr. William Webb.*



With no more thou shouldst love me, my joyes are full in loving thee,

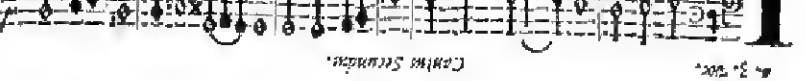
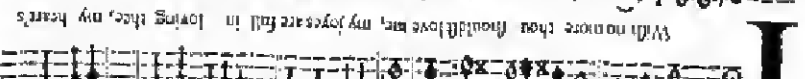
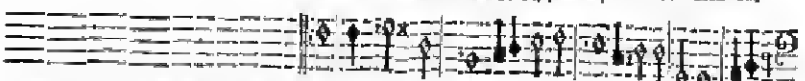


my heart's too narrow to containe my blisse, if thou shouldst love againe,



*Mr. William Webb.*

too narrow to containe my blisse, if thou shouldst love againe.

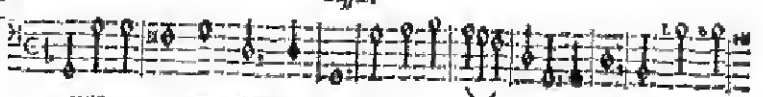


*Canto Secundus.*

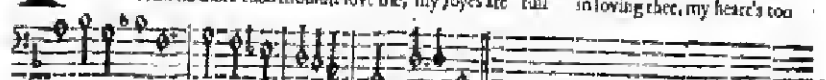
*a. 3. Voc.*

*a. 3. Voc.*

*Bassus.*



With no more thou shouldst love me, my joyes are full in loving thee, my heart's too



narrow to containe my blisse, if thou shouldst love againe.

*Ec*

*Mr. William Webb.*

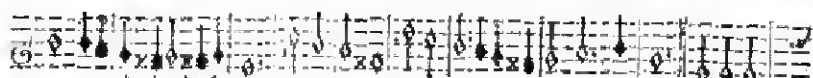
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

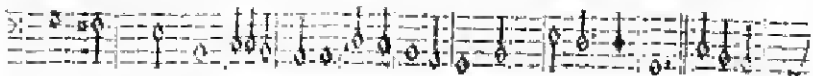
Mr. William Webb.



Let her give her hand or glove, let her sigh and sweate the dyes; he that



thinks he hath lov'd, I shall never, I shall never count him wife. For be the



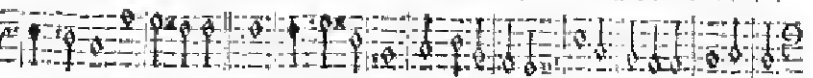
old love, 'tis for aye, yet for is e—ver for the new, yet she is e—ver for the new.



Mr. William Webb.



he hath lov'd, I shall never, I shall never count him wife. For be the old love ne'r to



let her give her hand or glove, let her sigh and sweate the dyes; he that thinks

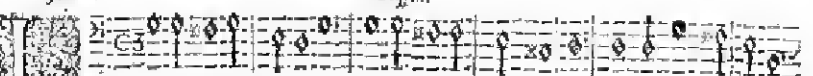


Cantus Secundus.

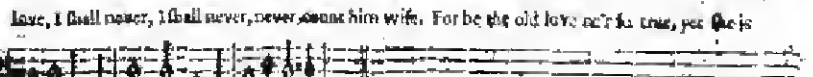
A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bass.



Let her give her hand or glove, let her sigh and sweate the dyes; he that thinks he hath lov'd



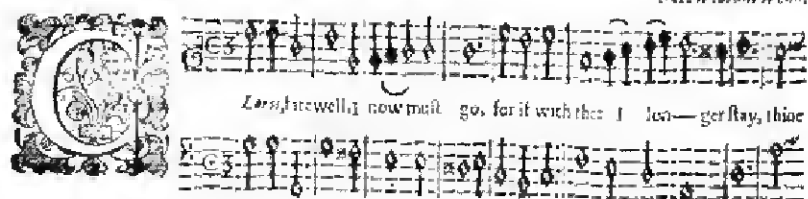
ever for the new, yet she is e—ver for the new,

Mr. William Webb.

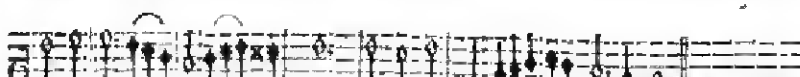
A. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

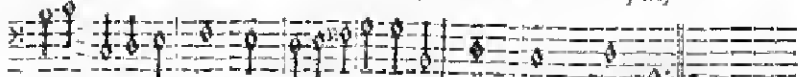
Mr. William Webb.



Love, farewell, I now must go, for it with thee I longer stay, thine eyes prevail upon me,



eyes prevail upon me, so, I shall grow blind and lose my way.



Fame of thy Beauty, and thy Youth

Amo'ng the will me hither brought,

Finding this Fame full short of truth,

Made me stay longer then I thought.

For I'm engag'd by word and oath

A servant to another's will;

Yet for thy love would forfeit both,

Could I but, fate to keep it still.

But what assistance can I take,

When thou forst knowing this abuse,

For leave more worthy Lovers take,

May't leave me with so just excuse.

For thou may'st say 'twas not thy fault

That thou didst cho' understand prove;

Thou wert by my example taught

To break thy oath, to mend thy love.

No Clow, no, I will return,

And raise thy story to that height,

That Strangers shall as distant burn,

And the distrust me Re-probate.

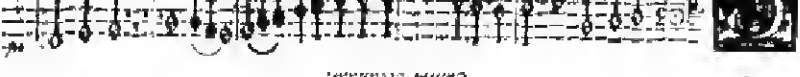
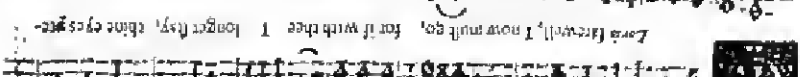
Then shall my love this doubt displace,

And give such truth, that I may come

And banquet sometimes on thy face,

But make my constant meals at home.

Mr. William Webb.

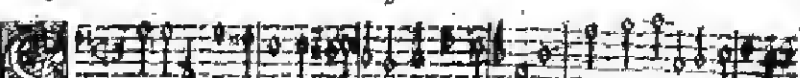


Cantus Secundus.

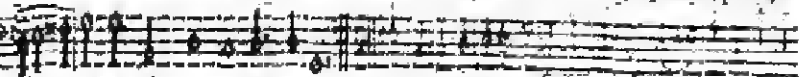
A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Bass.



Love, farewell, I now must go, for it with thee I longer stay, thine eyes prevail upon me,



so, I shall grow blind and lose my way.

Mr. William Webb.

A. 3. 201.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Webb.



Of that I wish my Mistress, or more, or less then what she is, write



I these lines; for 'tis too late, rules to prescribe un-to my fate.



But as the tender stomach call  
For choise of meats, yet brooke not all;  
So quicke love my heart impart  
What Mistress! 'tis lust takes the heart.

First, I would have her richly spread  
With nature's blossoms, white and red;  
For flaming heart with quickly dye,  
Where is no fuel for the eye.

Yet this alone will never win,  
Unless some treasure be within;  
For where the spoyle's not worth the prey,  
Men raise their siege, and march away.

I care not much if she be proud,  
A little pride may be allow'd;  
The am'rous youth, will pray and pray  
Too freely, where he finds no state.

Then I would have her full of wit,  
So she knows how to huswife it;  
For the whole infelence will dare  
To cry her wit, will shew her wate.

Last, I would have her loving be,  
(Mistake me not) to none but me;  
See that loves one, and loves one more,  
She'll love a Kingdom o're and o're.

Mr. William Webb.

for 'tis too late, rules to prescribe un-to my fate.



Of that I wish my Mistress, or more, or less then what she is, write I these lines;

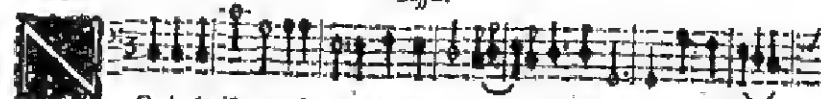


Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. 201.

A. 3. 201.

Bassus.



Of that I wish my Mistress, or more, or less then what she is, write I these lines.

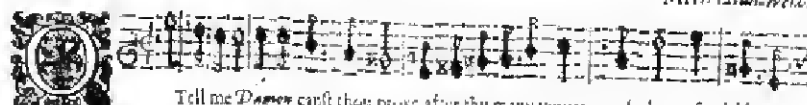


for 'tis too late rules to prescribe un-to my fate.

A. 3. 201.

Cantus Primus.

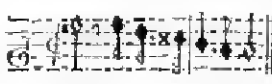
Mr. William Webb.



Tell me Damsell, canst thou prove, after thy many vowes of love, so false to



lose me with thy will? Though I am not so young and faire, as when thy Garland crown'd my



face, I am Damsell still.



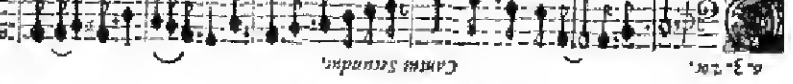
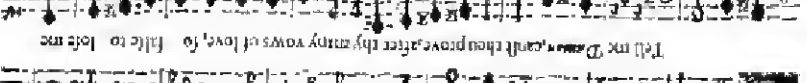
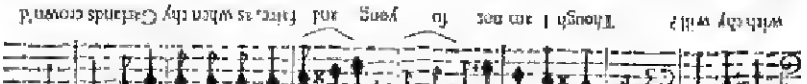
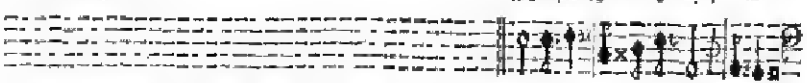
How shall thou woe with Gills and cranes,  
If in doe not woe bloom in yamies;  
Then worth the love of every one,  
Who really would on me bestow  
Whole doles, as when at Virgin fairs,  
I had a dill dill do.

Or if thou wert refuse to command  
New dill dole, could none be found  
To take the dill of thee one,  
Nurles in Morla, where best late  
Was on my face, and in my name,  
At fairs, dill dole dill.

I was that dill dole, her face  
But she did not so love dill dole,  
And so it ended in a dill dole,  
The dill dole, as I for her,  
No more hard was her dill dole,  
A dill dole for me.

Mr. William Webb.

my thing, I am Damsell still.



Cantus Secundus.

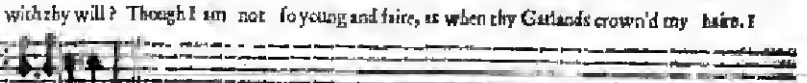
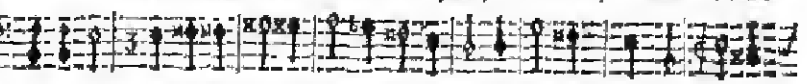
A. 3. 201.

A. 3. 201.

Bassus.



Tell me Damsell, canst thou prove, after thy many vowes of love, so false to lose me



A. 3. 206.

Canto.

Mr. William Webb.



Ere thou yet fair — er than thou art, which lies not in the power of  
 art; or hadst thou in thine eyes more Darts, than Cupid e — ver shot at hearts, yet if they  
 were not thrown at me, I could not call one thought at thee.

Mr. William Webb.



hadst thou in thine eyes more Darts, than Cupid e — ver shot at hearts, yet if they were not  
 but thou yet fair — er than thou art, which lies not in the power of art; or

A. 3. 206. Bass.



Ere thou yet fair — er than thou art, which lies not in the power of art; or hadst  
 thou in thine eyes more Darts, than Cupid e — ver shot at hearts, yet if they were not thrown at  
 me, I could not call one thought at thee.

Mr. William Webb.

A. 3. 207.

Canto.

Mr. William Webb.



On meeker Beauties of the night, that weakly fa — tis — fie our eyes, more by  
 your number than your light, like common peo — ple of the skies; what are you when the  
 Moon shall rise?  
 You Violets that fall appear, and by your purple mantle known,  
 Like the proud Virgins of the year, as if the Spring were all your own;  
 What are you when the Rose is blown?  
 Yieldedly Chances of the Wood, that fill the Ayre with natures layes,  
 Thinking your passions understood by Accents weak, what is your praise,  
 When Philomel her voice shall raise?  
 So when my Princes shall be fern, in sweetness of her looks and minds,  
 By Vertue full, then chuse a Queen, tell me if she were not design'd,  
 The Eclipse and Glory of her kinde?

Mr. William Webb.



more by your number than your light, like common peo — ple of the skies; what are you when the Moon shall rise?  
 On meeker Beauties of the night, that weakly fa — tis — fie our eyes, more by your

A. 3. 207. Bass.



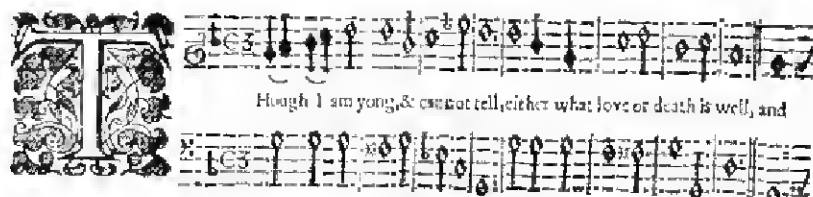
On meeker beauties of the night, that weakly fa — tis — fie our eyes, more by your number  
 than your light, like common peo — ple of the skies; what are you when the Moon shall rise?

Mr. William Webb.

A. 3. 200.

Cantus Primus.

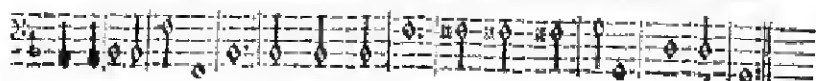
Mr. Nicholas Lammere.



Hough I am young, &amp; cannot tell, either what love or death is well, and



then again I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, &amp; death with cold.



Yet have heard they both beate darts,  
And both doe aime at humane hearts;  
So that I feare they doe but bring  
Extremes to touch, and meane one thing.

Mr. Nicholas Lammere.

then againe I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, &amp; death with cold.



Hough I am young, &amp; cannot tell, either what love or death is well, and

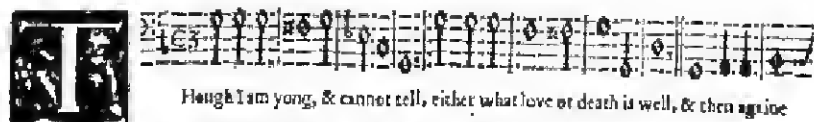


Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. 200.

A. 3. 200.

Bassus.



Hough I am young, &amp; cannot tell, either what love or death is well, &amp; then againe



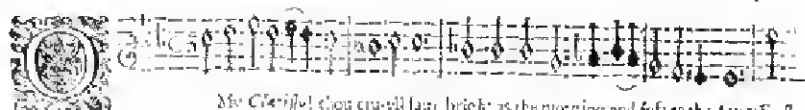
I have been told, love wounds with heat, love wounds with heat, &amp; death with cold.

Mr. Nicholas Lammere.

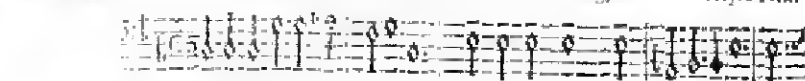
A. 3. 200.

Cantus.

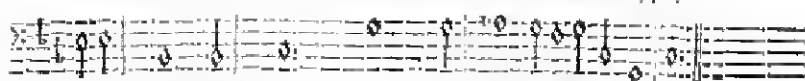
Mr. William L.



My Clariss! thou cruell face, bright as the morning, and soft as the Ayre: Fresh



-er this flowes in May, yet far more sweet then they, Love is the subject of my prayer.



When first I saw thee, I felt a dart,  
Which from thine Eyes like lightning came;  
Sure it was Cupid's Dart,  
It pierc'd quite through my heart.  
Oh, could thy love all over, reach the firm!  
A wound so pure, full would urge thy scorn,  
Spight of a brower's heart, coyne's controule,  
And make thy love as fire  
As is the heart the peck T,  
Ferting thee with me, to console.

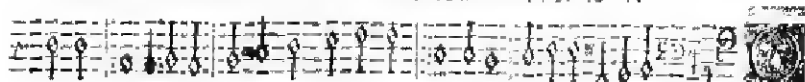
Let not such Fortune, my Love betryde;  
Oh, let your rocky heart be trold!d!  
Send me not to my Grave  
Unparryed, like a slave;  
How can love, such things abide?  
Simpather with me a while I praye,  
This passion quickly will find out a while;  
Cupid will from his bowers  
Warm thefe childe hearts, & loves,  
And make his power rule there in childe.

Then would the God of love equal bee,  
Giving me ease, as by wounding thee;  
Then would you never scorn,  
When like to me you burn;  
At least not prove unkind to mee.

then flowes in May, yet far more sweet then they, Love is the subject of my prayer. Mr. W. Lammere.

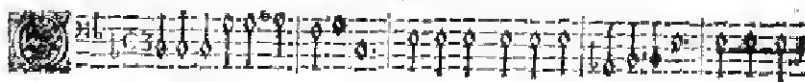


My Clariss! thou cruell face, bright as the morning, and soft as the Ayre: Fresh

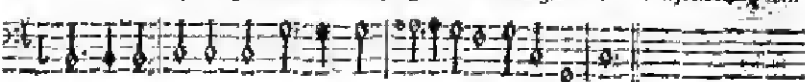


A. 3. 200.

Bassus.



My Clariss! thou cruell face, bright as the morning, and soft as the Ayre: Fresh



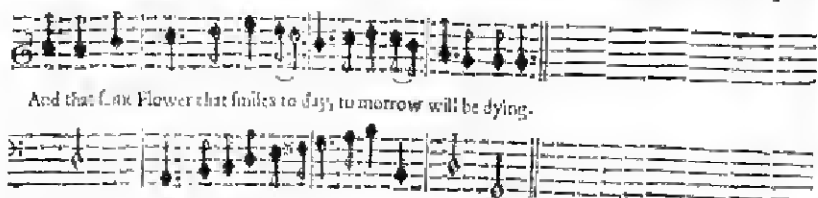
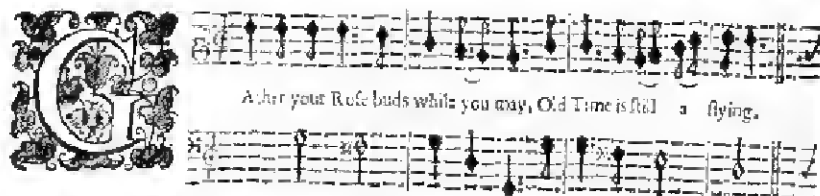
flowes in May, yet far more sweet then they, Love is the subject of my prayer. Mr. William Lammere.



A. 3. VOC.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. William Lawes.



The glorious Lampe of Heaven, the Sun,  
The higher he is getting,  
The sooner will his race be run,  
And nearer he's to setting.

That Age is best that is the first,  
While youth and blood are warmer,  
Expect not the last and worst.  
Time still succeeds the former.

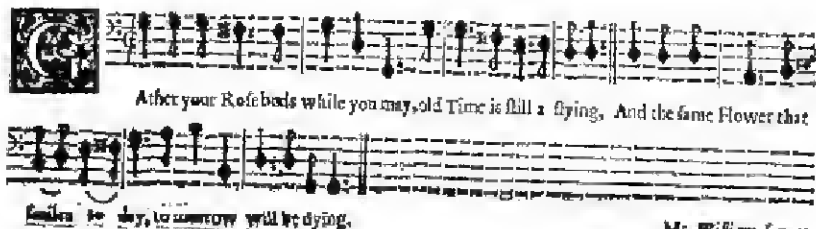
Then be not coy, but use your time,  
While you may goe marry,  
For having once but lost your prime,  
You may for ever tarry.

Mr. William Lawes.



A. 3. VOC.

Bassus.



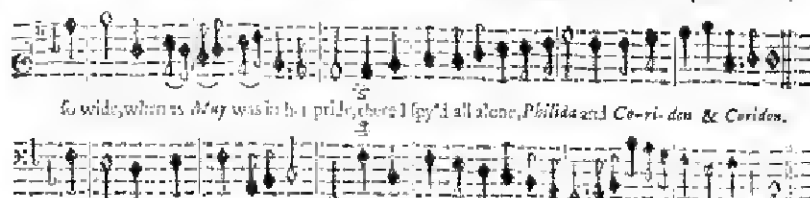
smiles to day, to morrow will be dying.

Mr. William Lawes.

A. 3. VOC.

Cantus Primus.

Dr. Wilson.



Much ado there was God wot,  
He did love, but she could not;  
He sayd his love was ever true,  
She sayd, none was false to you;  
He sayd, he had lov'd her long.  
She sayd, love should take no wrong.

Coridon would have killt her then,  
She sayd, Mayes must kisse no Men,  
Till they kisse for good and all,  
Then she bad the Shepherd call  
All the Goats in woods to catch.  
He't was lov'd so fast a youth.

Then with many a pretty Oath,  
As Yea and Nay, and Faith and Troth;  
Such as lilly Shepherds use,  
When they would not love abuse;  
Love which had been long deluded,  
Was with kisses sweet concluded.

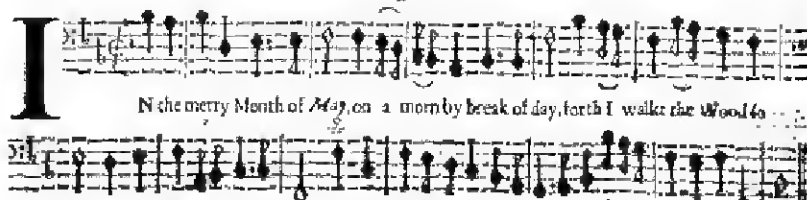
And Phillida with Garland gay  
Was Crowned the Lady of the May.

Dr. Wilson.



A. 3. VOC.

Bassus.



wide, when as May was in her pride, there I spy'd all alone, Phillida and Coridon & Coridon.

G g

Dr. Wilson.

4. 5. 6.

Cantata.

Mr. William Smegerill alias Caesar.

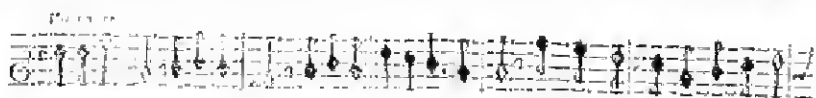


Ere come,

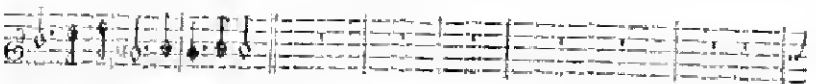
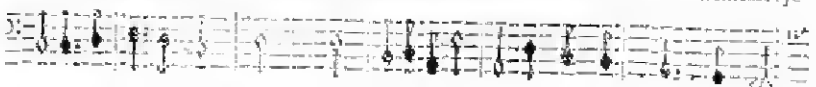
welcome to the Grove, these bowers, this embroidered bed of



flowers; here with a S. n. g. n. o. r. f. a. v. o. r. e. n. l. o. n. g. we will beguile, we will beguile, the sliding hours:



See a new supply &amp; a new plan, which I perfection finds a want, such from that cheek &amp; from that eye



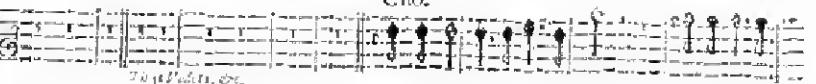
crave &amp; receive a new supply,



A. H. S. S. S. S.

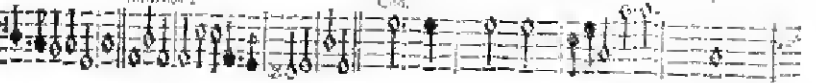
Such men, etc.

Cho.

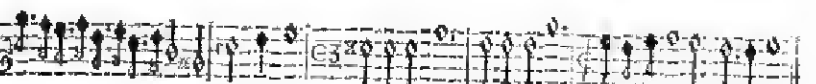


To a P. S. S. S. S.

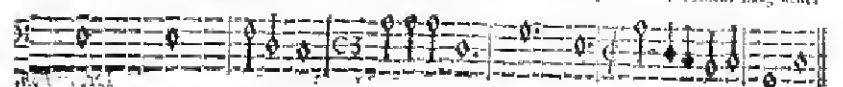
A. H. S. S. S.



While the whole quire of Birds, to improve their

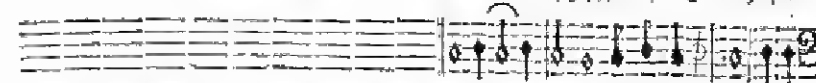


warb ——— ling from her voice: Then all must grant her's to be seen, Beauties &amp; Musicks Magazine.

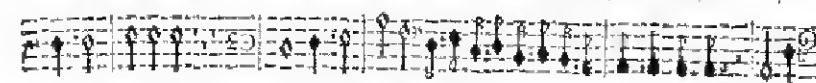


Mr. William Smegerill alias Caesar.

to be seen, Beauties and Musicks Magazine.



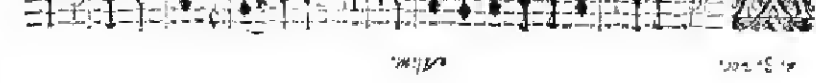
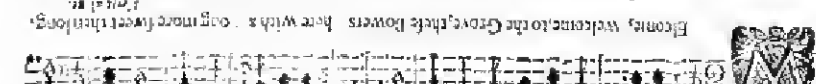
rejoice, to improve their warb ——— ling from her voice: Then all must grant her's



Viols drooping near to death, take life and odour from her breath, with the whole quire of Birds

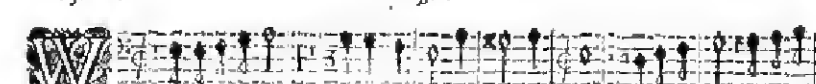


we will beguile, we will beguile, the sliding hours: crave and receive a new supply: Those

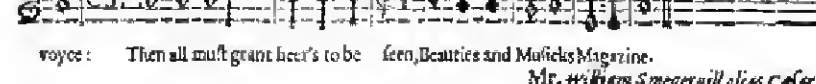
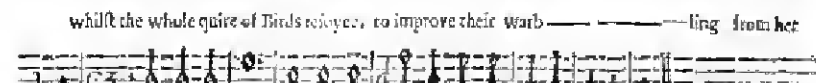
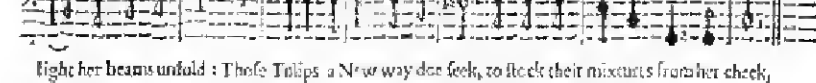
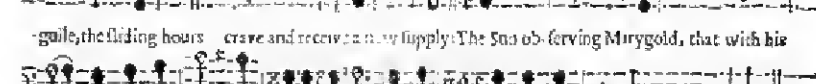


4. 3. 2. 1.

H. S. S. S.



Ere come to the Grove, here with a new plan more sweet than long, we will beguile, we will be-

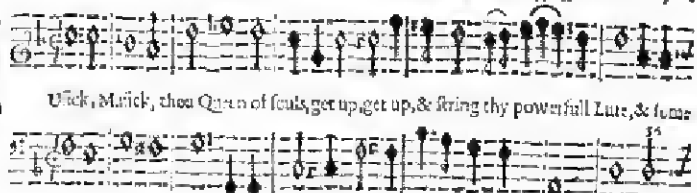


Mr. William Smegerill alias Caesar.

A. 3. 4th.

Canto.

Mr. William Smeggsill alias Cesar.



Ulick, Mulick, thou Queen of souls, get up, get up, &amp; bring thy powerfull Lure, &amp; some



sad, some sad Requiem sing, till cliffs require thy echoes with a groan, and the dull Rocks



repeat the daller tone,



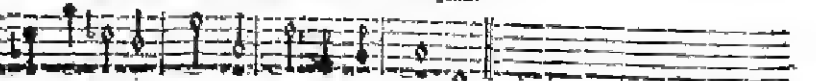
Mistles shall expe, Jolly Cedets run, &amp; call the courtly Palms to make up one: Then



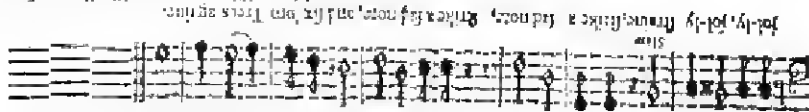
in the midst of all their jolly straine, then in the midst of all their jolly straine, Strike a sad note,



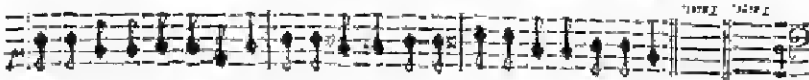
Strike a sad note, Strike a sad note and fix 'am Trees againe.



Mr. William Smeggsill alias Cesar.



Then in the midst of all their jolly, jolly, jolly, Strike her in the midst of all their



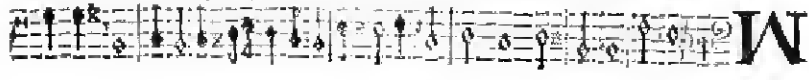
on a fiddle, with a rattle hand, run — Gently o're the Cords and to command the Pine to dance:



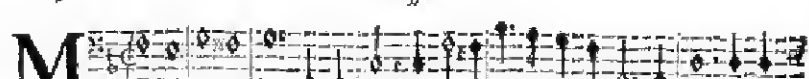
sad, some sad Requiem sing, and the dull Rocks repeat the daller tone: Then



Ulick, Mulick, thou Queen of souls, get up, &amp; bring thy powerfull Lure, and some



A. 3. 4th.



Ulick, Mulick, thou Queen of souls, get up, get up, &amp; bring thy powerfull Lure, and some



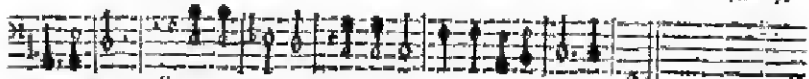
sad, some sad Requiem sing till Cliffs require thy Echo with a groan, &amp; the dull Rocks repeat thy



daller tone: The Oake her root forego, the Palm and aged Pine to foot it too:



Then in the midst of all their jolly, jolly straine, then in the midst of all their jolly, jolly



jolly straine, Strike a sad note, Strike a sad note, and fix 'am Trees againe.

Mr. William Smeggsill alias Cesar.



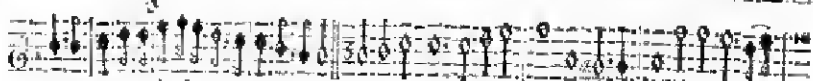
A. 3. 200.

Cantus Primus.

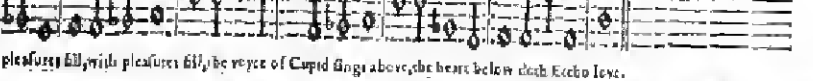
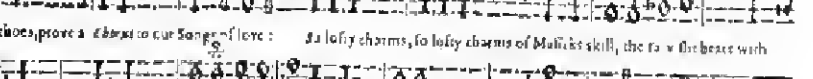
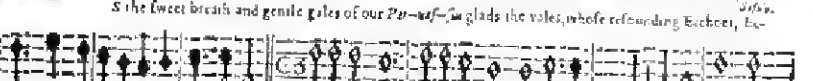
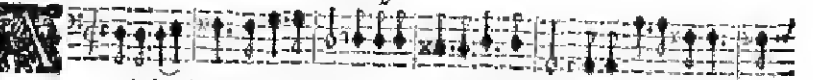
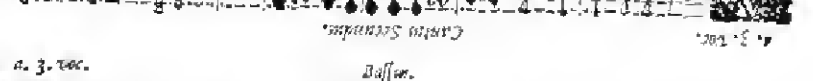
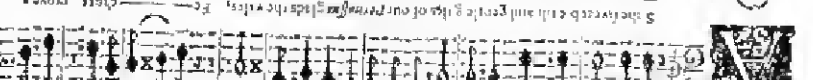
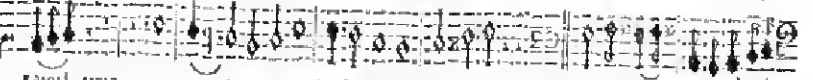
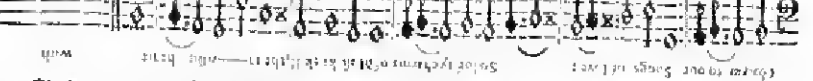
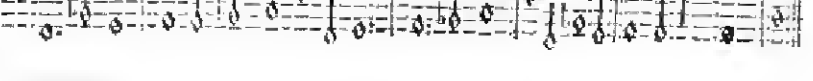
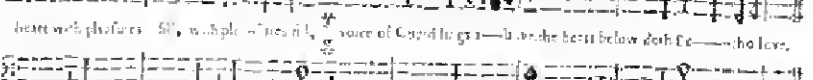
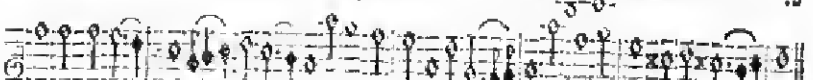
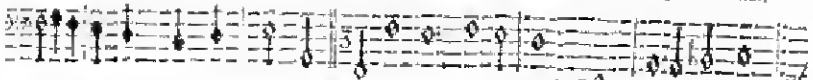
Mr. William Webb.



S the sweet breath and gentle gales of our Paradies glads the vales whole resounding Ec—choes



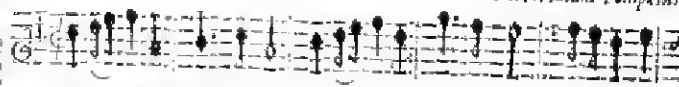
Hence a Chorus of our Sings of love: So lolly charms, so lolly charms, of Musicks skill, the re—sides



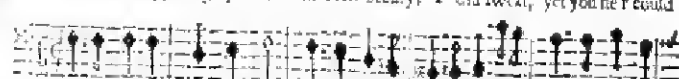
A. 3. 200.

Cantus.

Mr. William Tompkins.



The young folly, though you wear that fair beauty, I did swear, yet you ne'r could



reach my heart, for we courtiers learn at school, only with your sex to fool, y'r not worth our serious part.

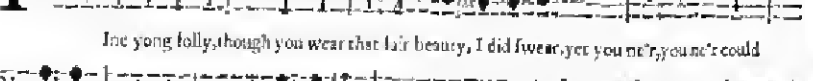
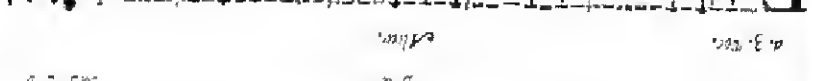
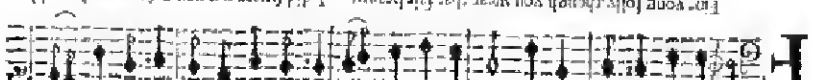
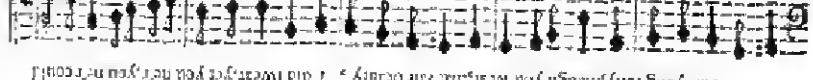
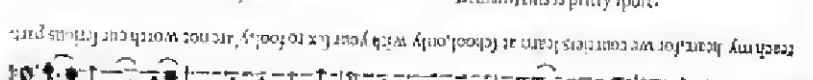


When I sigh and kiss your hand,  
 O how mine Armes and wondring stand,  
 Holding fastly with your eye:  
 Then delay on my desires,  
 Sweet the Sunne's face such fires,  
 All is but a handsome lye.

Whet fore Madam, wear no Cloud,  
 Nor nether my flames grow proud,  
 For smooth I much do doubt;  
 'Tis the powder in your hair,  
 Not your breath perfumes the Ayre,  
 And your stomack that let you out.

When I see your Curls or Lace,  
 Gentle souls, you think your face  
 Strange, some murder doth commit;  
 And your conscience doth begin  
 To be scrupulous of my sin,  
 When I court to shew my wit.

Yet though truth hath this confest,  
 And I swear I love in jest,  
 Courtous souls, when next I court,  
 And profess an amorous flame,  
 You I vow in earnest,  
 Be diam, this is pritty sport.



FINIS.

11

Mr. William Tompkins.

The Table to the first Book of Ayres, for a Voice alone to the Theorbo or Basse Violl.

<b>A</b> Bount the sweet Bag of a Boy,	8	<b>L</b> ike Hermit poore,	1
A Lover once I did espouse,	9	Lie love serves my turn,	18
A Willow Garland thou didst send,	10	Let not thy beauty make thee proud,	19
Amidst the Myrtles as I walkt,	11	Ladies fly from loves smooth tale,	21
<b>B</b> eaute and Love once once fell at odds,	10	Lay that follen Garland by thee,	25
But me but live,	10	<b>N</b> eith' sighs nor tears,	2
By all the Glories,	11	No, no, fair Hereticke,	12
Bright <i>Aradia</i> I do love,	19	Nor persuade me to't,	30
Bring back my Comfort and return,	31	No more blind Boy, for see my heart,	33
<b>C</b> ome Lovers all to me,	9	Of the kind boy,	7
<i>Cloris</i> farewell I now must go,	19	<i>Philo</i> why should we delay,	16
Come lovely <i>Philo</i> ,	20	<b>S</b> he that loves me for my selfe,	7
<i>Cloris</i> till love made <i>Cloris</i> weep,	21	Stay, O stay that heart,	27
Change Platonicke, change for flame,	18	Since love hath in thine and mine rier,	32
<b>F</b> air be no longer coy,	4	<b>T</b> hou art not fair,	2
Farewell <i>Cloris</i> ,	14	Tell me no more her eyes,	5
Go and bestride the Wind,	6	Tell me ye wandering spirits,	13
<b>H</b> ow true and temperate am I grown	14	Take, O take those lips away,	24
How happy art thou and I,	15	'Tis but a frown, I pray thee let me die,	34
How am I chang'd from what I was,	29	Tell not that I die, or that I live by thee,	35
<b>I</b> With no more,	3	<b>V</b> ictorious Beauty,	5
I am confirm'd a woman ere,	15	<i>Villars, Villars, Villars</i> ,	36
If the quick spirit of your eye,	17	<b>V</b> hy shouldst thou swear,	3
I love a L-f, but cannot show it,	23	When thou didst think I did not love,	4
I pray thee send me back my heart,	30	Wert thou more fairer then thou art,	23
I can love for an hour when I am at leisure,	32	Wake my <i>Adonis</i> do not die,	26
I will not trust thy tempting Graces,	35	When <i>Callio</i> I intend to flatter you,	21
		Why dearest should you weep,	38

The Table of the second Book, containing Pastoral Dialogues for two Voyces.

<b>I</b> Pristee keep my Sheep for me,	1	Dear <i>Silvia</i> let thy <i>Thirsi</i> know,	8
Shepherd in truth I cannot stay,	2	Did not you once <i>Lavinia</i> vow,	10
Come my <i>Daphne</i> , come away,	4	<i>Thirsi</i> kind Swain come near,	12
Forbear fond swain, I cannot love,	5	<i>Charon</i> , O gentle <i>Charon</i> let me woo thee,	13
<i>Fulcan</i> , O <i>Fulcan</i> my Love,	7	<i>Can hel se gelle</i> , Ital. Aire for two voc.	16

The Table to the third Book, containing Short Ayres or Songs for three Voyces.

<b>I</b> With no more than shouldst love me,	17	O my <i>Cloris</i> thou cruel faire,	25
Let her give her hand or glove,	18	Gather your Rose buds,	26
<i>Cloris</i> farewell, I now must go,	19	In the merry month of May,	27
Not that I with my Mistris,	20	Welcome to the Grove,	28
Tell me, O <i>Damon</i> , canst thou prove,	21	Musick thou Queen of souls,	30
Wert thou yet fairer then thou art,	22	As the Sweet breath and gentle gales,	31
You meetest beauties of the night,	23	Fine yong folly,	33
Though I am young and cannot tell,	24		

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- Orlando Gibbons*, Madrigall, 5. Parts.
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